

Luciano Pavarotti



THE DUBLIN GRAND OPERA SOCIETY
presents

Luciano Pavarotti

Tenor

in

Recital

with

John Wustman

Accompanist

at

The Gaiety Theatre, Dublin

on

Tuesday 18th, and Thursday 20th December, 1979

at 8 p.m.



Luciano Pavarotti

The world now acclaims this great artist at his every appearance in opera and recital. His unique personality and individual quality have reached countless audiences through his tireless tours in the United States and Europe; his regular appearances with every great opera house in the world; his ever increasing list of recordings, and most recently his television appearances in opera, recital, and as a personality and sportsman, which have made his name a household word.

Born in Modena, Italy, where he now resides with his wife and three daughters, and naturally possessed of a beautiful tenor voice, Luciano Pavarotti nevertheless decided to become a teacher and entered the Scuola delle Magistralle on leaving preparatory school to start his training. It was there that he met his future wife, Adua, and they qualified together. After two years of teaching, he decided to become a professional singer, to the great joy of his father who had always hoped that his son would become an operatic tenor.

He first studied with Arrigo Pola and then with Campogalliani. In 1961, in Reggio Emilia, he won the *Concorso Internazionale* and made his operatic debut there in *La Boheme*. He made an immediate impression on the Italian operatic world and was engaged to sing in theatres all over Italy.

A crucial point in his career dates from 1962 when he was invited to sing in *Rigoletto* in Dublin. Which in turn led, during 1963, to many international engagements including Edgardo in *Lucia* in Amsterdam and other towns throughout Holland. Then came appearances in Vienna and Zurich, and in September of that year he substituted for Di Stefano at Covent Gardens in *La Boheme* conquering the London public with his performances. He also made two major television appearances which produced quite phenomenal popular response.

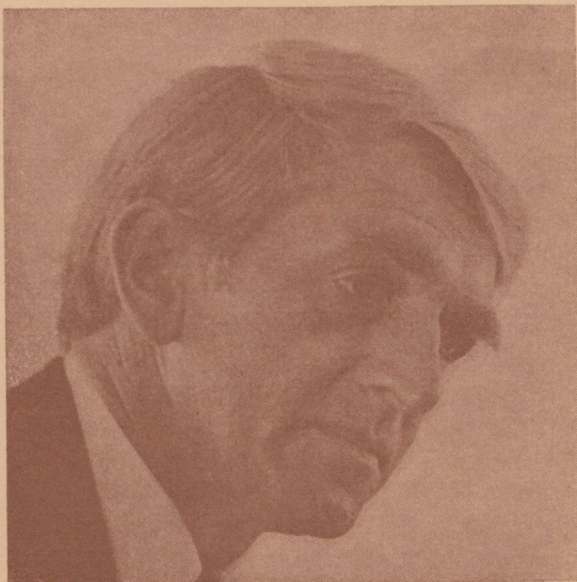
Pavarotti returned to Dublin in 1964 for *La Traviata* and *La Boheme* following which he went to Glyndebourne to sing Idanante in *Idomeneo*.

1966 was the year of his debut at Milan's famed La Scala, in *La Boheme*, conducted by Herbert von Karajan. In addition to performances in *I Capuleti ed I Montecchi*, Pavarotti was chosen by Karajan to sing the tenor part in a performance of the *Verdi Requiem* to honour the centenary of the birth of Toscanini. This was also the year in which Parma, the home of the most critical opera-goers in the world, awarded him the coveted *Verdi d'Oro* honour.

The following year, 1967, saw his San Francisco Opera debut, again as Edgardo in *Lucia*. He first appeared at the Metropolitan Opera in 1968 as Rodolfo. Innumerable international successes followed including his Paris Opera debut during the 1972/73 season again as Rodolfo. In 1973 he gave a highly successful recital at the Carnegie Hall in New York, one of a series of concerts commemorating Caruso's birth. Within a few days of the recital being announced the box office was inundated with requests for tickets making the recital a 'sell-out' months before it took place.

Beyond the voice and artistry of the man is his enormous personality. He has made a unique personal statement in his concerts and operatic appearances. Since his first recital ever, on February 1, 1973, in Liberty, Missouri, he has created what one critic called "Pavarotti Pandemonium," and has individually found the heart of his audience at his every appearance.

John Wustman



This internationally acclaimed accompanist has appeared in concert with most of the world's greatest singers, including Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Birgit Nilsson, Regine Crespin, Renata Scotto, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda and Luciano Pavarotti.

Born in Byron Center, Michigan, and an alumnus of the University of Michigan, he began his professional career in New York as accompanist for the Robert Shaw Chorale. Since that time, he has performed in the world's major capitals.

Mr. Wustman was the only American member of the fourth International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow in 1970. He was the recipient of a Full-bright Exchange Professorship and two American Specialist Grants from the State Department to teach German Lieder in Argentina, Peru and Uruguay. Mr. Wustman has recorded for Columbia, Angel and London and Angel/Melodiya. His recording of Rachmaninoff and Mussorgsky songs with mezzo-soprano Irina Arkhipova has been awarded the Grand Prix du Disque. Currently he is a Professor of Music at the University of Illinois.

This programme is so arranged that if the appropriate page is turned at the beginning of each group of songs — there should be silence until the end of the group.

Recital Programme

Three Classical Italian Songs

CARO MIO BEN	GIORDANI
CHE FARÒ SENZA EURIDICE	GLUCK
CHE FIERO COSTUME	LEGRENZI

Three Nineteenth Century Songs

IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA	BEETHOVEN
IL BARCAIOLO	DONIZETTI
LA DANZA	ROSSINI

Aria and Cabaletta

DE' MIEI BOLLENTI SPIRITI (LA TRAVIATA)	VERDI
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INTERVAL

Two Sonnets of Petrarch

BENEDETTO SIA 'I GIORNO PACE NON TROVO	LISZT
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Aria

FRA POCO A ME RICOVERO (LUCIA)	DONIZETTI
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Four Songs

CHANSON DE L'ADIEU	TOSTI
APRILE	
IDEALE	
MARECHIARE	

Three Classical Italian Songs

CARO MIO BEN (Arietta)

Giuseppe Giordani (1753-1798)

There is some doubt as to the actual composer of this song but early tradition ascribes it to Giordani—a prolific operatic composer in Italy in the late 18th century.

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen;
senza di te
languisce il cor;
Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor,
cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor.

My dearest love,
Trust in me still;
When you are away
My spirit fails.
I who am loyal
Suffer for you.
Spare me, proud friend,
So much disdain.

CHE FARÒ SENZA EURIDICE (from *Orfeo ed Euridice*)

Christopher Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)

"Orfeo ed Euridice," produced at the Burgtheater, Vienna, on 5 October, 1762, was the first of the three operas that Gluck wrote to words by Raniero Calzabigi. This aria occurs in the third Act, when Orfeo, having been allowed by the gods to bring back his wife Euridice from the land of the dead, loses her for a second time through disobeying their order that he should not look on her face whilst conducting her back to earth.

Che farò senza Euridice?
dove andrò senza il mio ben?

What is left without Euridice?
Can I live without my love?

Euridice! Oh Dio! Rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fidele!

Euridice! Oh Heaven! Oh speak to me!
Still am I your true beloved.

Ah, non m'avanza più soccorso,
più speranza, nè dal mondo
nè dal ciel.

Ah, there is no-one now can help me,
No hope left me, not from this world
Nor from Heaven.

CHE FIERO COSTUME (from *Eteocle e Polinice*)

Giovanni Legrenzi (1626-1690)

Giovanni Legrenzi was born near Bergamo in 1626. An organist and choir-master, he became Director of the Conservatorio dei Mendicanti in Venice, and in 1672 he was Director of Music at St. Mark's, Venice. He wrote motets, instrumental music and seventeen operas. Lotti and Gasparini were his pupils; Bach and Handel used themes from his works. "Eteocle e Polinice" was produced at the Teatro San Salvatore, Venice, in January, 1675.

Che fiero costume
d'aligero nume
che a forza di pene si faccia adorar!

What cruel dispensation
Allows a winged deity
By pangs and by torments to rule over all!

E pur nell' ardore
il dio traditore
un vago sembiante mi fe' idolatrar!

Yet passionate ever,
This god who betrays us
Has led me to worship a creature of charm.

Che crudo destino
che un cieco bambino
con bocca di latte si faccia stimar.

How harsh is the fortune
That suffers a blind boy
What innocent features to win such esteem!

Ma questo tiranno
con barbaro inganno
entrando per gli occhi, mi fe' sospirar.

But this very tyrant
Perfidious, deceptive,
First conquered my eyes, then consumed me
with love.

Three Nineteenth-century Songs

IN QUESTA TOMBA OSCURA
(Giuseppe Carpani)

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

In 1808 Diabelli published sixty-three settings of Carpani's "In questa tomba" by different composers, including Cherubini, Salieri, Paer and Czerny, Beethoven's song, the last in the volume, was written for contralto voice and piano.

In questa tomba oscura
lasciami riposar;
quando vivevo, ingrata,
dovevi a me pensar.

Lascia che l'ombre ignude
godansi pace almen,
e non bagnar mie ceneri
d'unutile velen.

In this dark place of burial
Leave me to rest in peace;
While yet I lived, fair cruelty,
You should have thought of me.

Suffer departed spirits
To enjoy at least repose,
And do not bathe my ashes
With futile bane of tears.

IL BARCAIOLO (Leopoldo Tarantini) Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Donizetti's chamber music compositions include six string quartets, as well as songs and vocal duets. "Il Barcaiolo" is the first of a set of songs entitled "Nuits d'été a Posillipo" which were dedicated to his friend Madame Coussy.

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno;
solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar:
Voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride
in sì tenero momento,
all' ebbrezza del contento
voglio l'alme abbandonar:
Voga, voga, marinar.

Che se infiera la tempesta,
ambidue ne tragge a morte,
sara lieta la mia sorte,
al tuo fianco vuol spirar:
Voga, voga, marinar.

Pull hard, pull, the wind is falling,
Calm lies the ocean, heaven's unclouded;
Only a breath of peace and quiet
Seems to enliven both sky and sea:
Pull hard, pull hard, oarsman.

Now when nature smiles upon us
For a moment of such pleasure,
To the rapture of contentment
Let us wholly give our hearts:
Pull hard, pull hard, oarsman.

And if then the tempest rages
And we are both in mortal peril,
Still my fortune will be happy,
Here beside you I'll gladly die.
Pull hard, pull hard, oarsman.

LA DANZA (Tarantella napolitana) Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Rossini's "La danza" is the most famous of the songs composed by Rossini during his long sojourn in Paris after the production of his last opera "Guillaume Tell". It was written in 1835, and published with other songs in a volume entitled "Les Soirées Musicales".

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà,
l'ora è bella per danzare
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Presto in danza a tondo a tondo
donne mie, venite qua,
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna tocherà.

Finchè in ciel brilla una stella
e la luna splenderà
il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
già s'avanza, si ritira,
e al assalto tornerà.

Serra, serra, colla bionda,
colla bruna va qua e là,
colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.

Viva il ballo a tondo, a tondo,
sono un re, sono un pascià;
è il più bel piacer del mondo,
la più cara voluttà.

O'er the sea the moon is rising,
Mother mine, and we must dance,
Time is ripe to beat a measure,
Lovers all will take a chance.

Just to dance around in circles
Quickly, ladies, come this way,
There's a lad both merry and handsome
For each one to take away.

With the stars to light the heavens
While the moon is shining bright,
Handsome boys and pretty maidens
Will be dancing all the night.

Leaping, bounding, turning, curling,
Every couple goes around,
Now advancing, now retreating,
Then again they all rebound.

Close together with the fair one
Here and there with the brunette
With the red-head swirling onward.
With the pale one tightly set.

Let the dance go turning, curling,
I am a king now, a pasha;
'Tis the best of all the pleasures,
All delights the world can show.

Aria and Cabaletta

DE' MIEI BOLLENTI SPIRITI
(from *La Traviata*)

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Between the "aria" and the "cabaletta" of this scene at the beginning of Act II in "La Traviata", Violetta's maid Annina informs Alfredo that her mistress has gone to Paris to sell her possessions in order to defray the expenses of the villa where they are living together in idyllic happiness. Alfredo determines at once to find the money required and redeem his honour.

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha diletto! .
Volaron già tre lune
dacchè la mia Violetta
agi per me lasciò, dovizie, amori
e le pompose feste,
ov'agli omaggi avvezza
vedea schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza .
Ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi
tutto scorda per me . . .
Qui presso a lei io rinascermi sento,
e dal soffio d'amor rigenerato
scordo ne' gaudi suoi tutto il passato.

De' miei bollenti spiriti
il giovanile ardore
ella temprò col placido
sorriso dell' amor! . . .
Dal di che disse: vivere
io voglio a te fidel,
dell' universo immemore
io vivo quasi in ciel.

Oh mio rimorso! oh infamia!
io vissi in tale errore! . . .
ma il turpe sonno a frangere
il ver mi balenò! . . .
Per poco in seno acquetati,
o grido dell' onore;
m'avrai sicuro vindice;
quest' onta laverò.

Absent from her, I am bereft of pleasure.
Three months have passed away now
since my beloved Violetta
gave up for me her world, riches, affections,
and the ostentatious parties,
where to accustomed homage
she held all hearts enslaved to her fair beauty.
And now contented, in these calm surroundings,
she forgets all for me.
Here at her side I feel newly awakened,
and the breath of her love restores my being;
in her I lose the memory of past sorrows.

My nature all impetuous
Rising in youthful passion,
She tempered with the peaceful smile
That spoke to me of love.
Since first she told me, 'I would live
Faithful and true to you',
Unmindful of the universe
I live as though in heaven.

Oh what remorse I feel, what shame,
To have been so far mistaken!
At once to rouse me from my sleep
The truth has been revealed.
For yet a while, within my breast,
Be stilled the voice of honour;
My vindication will be sure,
This shame I'll wash away.

INTERVAL

Two Sonnets of Petrarch

BENEDETTO SIA 'L GIORNO

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

These two poems are numbered LXI and CXXXIV respectively in the Canzoniere of Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374). Liszt wrote three songs on Petrarch sonnets, and arranged them for piano solo in his second volume of "Années du pèlerinage".

Benedetto sia 'l giorno e 'l mese e l'anno
e la stagione e 'l tempo e l'ora e 'l punto
e 'l bel paese e 'l loco ov'io fui giunto
da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno;

e benedetto il primo dolce affanno
ch' i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
e l'arco e le saette ond' i' fui punto,
e le piaghe che 'nfin al cor mi vanno.

Blessed be the day, the month, the year,
The season and the hour, the very instant,
The fair country and the place where
Two lovely eyes glimpsed and captured me.

Blessed be the first sweet pangs
I suffered when encouraging love;
The bow and arrow which hit their mark
And the wounds which penetrate my heart.

Benedette le voci tante ch'io
chiamando il nome de mia Donna ò sparte,
e i sospiri e le lagrime 'l desio;

e benedette sian tutte le carte
ov' io fama l'acquisto, e 'l pensier mio,
ch' è sol di lei, sì ch' altra non v'à parte.

PACE NON TROVO

Pace non trovo e non ò da far guerra,
e temo e spero, et ardo e son un
ghiaccio,
e volo sopra 'l cielo e giaccio in terra.
e nulla stringo e tutto 'l mondo
abbraccio.

Tal m' à in prigion, che non m'apre né
serra,
né per suo mi riten né scioglie il laccio,
e non m'ancide Amore e non mi sferra,
né mi vuol vivo né mi trae d'impaccio.

Veggio senza occhi e non ò lingua e
grido,
e bramo di perir e chieggo aita,
et ò in odio me stesso ed amo altrui.

Pascomi di dolor, piangendo rido,
egualmente mi spiace morte e vita:
in questo stato son, Donna, per vui.

Blessed be this voice of mine
With which I call my Laura's name,
The sighs, the tears, all thoughts of her.

Blessed be all the works
With which I spread her fame, and my mind
Which thinks exclusively of her.

Franz Liszt

Peace I cannot find, and may not seek a fight;
I fear and hope, I burn and am frozen hard;

To heaven I soar, and creep along the ground;
I care for nobody, and could embrace the
world.

What binds me neither frees nor ties me down.

Would not enslave me, nor undo my bonds.
Love does not kill, nor offers a release,
Cares neither for me living, nor strips me of
my load.

Without eyes I can see, and with no tongue I
cry;
I long for death and beg that I be saved;
Myself I loathe, care only for the others.

Feeding only on anguish, laughing whilst in
tears,
Both death and life are now repugnant to me;
The cause of my predicament, my love, is you.

Aria

FRA POCO A ME RICOVERO (from *Lucia di Lammermoor*)

Gaetano Donizetti

On Lucia's fatal wedding night, Edgardo meditates by the tombs of his ancestors, and resolves to allow himself to be killed in his forthcoming duel with Lucia's brother.

Tombe degli avi miei,
l'ultimo avanzo d'una stirpe infelice
deh! raccogliete voi.
Cessò dell'ira il breve foco . . .
sul nemico acciaio abbandonar mi vo!
Per me la vita è orrendo peso! . . .
l'universo intero è un deserto per me
senza Lucia! . . .
Di faci tuttavia splende il castello . . .

Ah' scarsa fu la notte al tripudio! . . .
Ingrata donna!
mentr' io mi struggo
in disperato pianto
tu ridi, esulti accanto
al felice consorte!
Tu delle gioie in seno,
io della morte!

Fra poco a me ricovero
darà negletto aveilo;
una pietosa lagrime
non scenderà su quello!
fin degli estinti, ahi misero!
manca il conforto a me.
Tu pur, tu pur dimentica
quel marmo dispregiato:
mai non passarvi, o barbara.
del tuo consorte a lato;
rispetta almen le ceneri
di chi moria per te.

Tombs of those gone before me,
One last descendant of an unhappy lineage,
oh, gather in among you.
The fire's extinguished of all my fury.
To my rival's weapon I am resolved to fall.
Life is to me now a hideous burden
And the universe itself is barren for me
without Lucia.
And still the blaze of torches lights up the
castle.

Ah, too short were the night's jubilations!
Ungrateful woman!
Whilst I am wasting
in tears of desperation,
you revel in the company
of your fortunate consort
Your heart is filled with gladness,
mine with death only.

Ere long the roof that shelters me
Will be a tomb uncared for.
No single tear of sympathy
Will there be shed upon it.
Even from the dead themselves, alas,
No solace comes to me.
And you, put from your memory
This marble vault ill thought of.
Never stray far, oh cruel one.
From where your consort lingers.
Respect at least, the last remains
Of him who died for you.

Four Songs

CHANSON DE L'ADIEU (Edmond d'Haraucourt)

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Francesco Paolo Tosti was born in 1846 at Ortona sul Mare. He studied in Naples and became an assistant to Mercadante as a teacher of composition. He wrote songs, but found difficulty in publishing them until Sgambati recognised his talent and organised a concert for him: Princess Margherita di Savoia, the future Queen of Italy, was present and at once appointed Tosti to be her teacher of singing. Tosti first came to London in 1875. He was well received and became teacher of singing to the Royal Family. He wrote songs to Italian, French and English texts.

Partir, c'est mourir un peu,
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:
On laisse un peu de soi-même
En toute heure et dans tout lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un vœu,
Le dernier vers d'un poème;
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime.

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu,
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême
C'est son âme que l'on sème
Que l'on sème en chaque adieu.

To part is to die awhile,
'Tis to die to those we cherish:
Some part of ourselves we abandon
Constantly as we go on our way.

We often mourn a broken vow,
The line that has closed the poem;
To part is to die awhile,
'Tis to die to those we cherish.

And we part without a care,
And till we say adieu for ever
'Tis our soul that we are squandering,
We are squandering at each farewell.

APRILE (Theo Marzials)

Non senti tu nell'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu nell'anima
il suon di nuova voce lusinghiera?

E l'Aprile, è l'Aprile!
E la stagion d'amore
Deh, vieni, o mia gentil
su prati 'n fiore!

Il pie trarrai fra mambole
avrai su 'l petto rose e cilestrine

e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.

'Tis April-tide, sweet April;
The fresh bright air is full of gentle voices,
And, darling, in our heart of hearts
The old, dear love awakens and rejoices.

'Tis April-tide, sweet April;
Sweet April made for lovers
Oh come, love, side by side
Where lilac covers.

Your feet shall walk on violets,
Your hands shall hold the sweetest of all
posies;
High up in air the butterflies
Shall hail you Queen of all the year's new
roses.

IDEALE (Carmelio Errico)

Io ti seguii com' iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo;
Io ti seguii come un' amica face
De la notte nel velo.

E ti senti ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria

Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce

Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce
In qual giorno scordai.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante

A sorridermi ancora;
E a me risplenderà nel tuo sembiante
Una novell' aurora.

I followed you, as tranquil as a rainbow
Crossing the paths of heaven;
I followed you as if you were a star-beam
In the mist of the evening.

And I heard you in the daylight, in the open,
In the fragrance of flowers;
And the whole of that lonely room was
redolent
Of you, and of your beauty.

By you enraptured, hearing your voice, I
listened
And was lost in a dream;
And all the cares of the world, all its trials
On that day were forgotten.

Come then, light of my soul, come then once
more
To be smiling upon me;
And I shall see resplendant in your features
Light of another day-dawn.

MARECHIARE (*Neapolitan Serenade*: S. Di Giacomo)

Quanno sponta la luna a Marechiare
pure li pisce nce fann' a l'ammore,
se revolano l'onne de la mare,
pe la piezza ca gmeno culore.

quanno sponta la luna a Marechiare

A Marechiare nce sta na fenesta,
la passione mia nce tuzzulea,
nu carofano addora int' a na testa,
passa l'acqua pe sotto, e murmulà:
A Marechiare nce sta na fenesta.

Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente
nun sape st' uocchie ca tu tiene nfronte,

Sti doje stelle li saccio io solamente,
dint' a lu core ne tengo li ponte.

Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente?

Scetate, Caruli, ca l'aria è doce;
quanno maie tanto tiempo aggio
aspettato?

P'accompagna li suone cu la voce
stasera na chitarra aggio portato.
Scetate, Caruli, ca l'aria è doce!

With the rise of the moon at Marechiare
Even the fish themselves become enamoured,
As the waves of the sea are gently rolling,
Stirred by the breeze that blows to enliven all
things

With the rise of the moon at Marechiare.

At Marechiare there's an open window,
Where she who is my passion sits in fragrance,
With a bright gilly-flower set in her tresses,
And the water flows on below, and murmurs:
At Marechiare there's an open window.

Whoever says that stars in heaven are brilliant
Knows not those eyes of yours that shine in
beauty,

Those two stars are the only ones that I know,
Through them I build a bridge into your
heart's depths.

Whoever says the stars in heaven are brilliant?

Quiet now, Caruli, the air is balmy;
When have I ever been kept so long waiting?

To accompany the music of your singing
This evening I have carried a guitar here.
Quiet now, Caruli, the air is balmy.

*We thank most sincerely Carroll Industries Limited for entirely sponsoring
this Souvenir Programme.*

Our beloved Chairman, for a long time, cherished the desire to bring Luciano Pavarotti back to Dublin. Sadly, on November 7th of this year he died, just six weeks before this wish would have been realised.

When Sig. Pavarotti wrote expressing his extreme sorrow on hearing of the death of Colonel O'Kelly, for whom he had very great affection, he stated that he was really regarding his return to Dublin as a gesture of friendship to Colonel O'Kelly as much as a pleasant artistic event.

We are happy to enjoy this occasion for Bill and for ourselves.

